SCENE III.

A Publick

Place.

Enter CLOTEN, *and Two Lords.*

1 *LORD.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice : Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

CLO. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it— Have I hurt him ?

2 *LORD.* No, faith ; not so much as his patience.

[Aside.

1 *LORD.* Hurt him ? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 *LORD.* His steel was in debt; it went o* the backside the town.

[Aside.

CLO. The villain would not stand me.

2 *LORD.* No; but he fled forward still, toward your face[8].

[Aside.

3 *LORD.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

4 *LORD.* As many inches as you have oceans : Puppies!

[Aside.

CLO. I would, they had not come between us.

2 *LORD.* So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. *[Aside.*

CLO. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

[8] —he fled forward still, toward your face.] So, in Troilus and Cressida*:

" thou shalt hunt a lion,

that will fly " With his face backward." STEEVENS.